Poems

William Davies

My sweetheart

I have a sweetheart so tender
Her face like the morning sun shines
1You see in her eyes gorgeous splendour
That’s why I won't rest ‘til she's mine.

Her ways can be truly termed charming
A heart of pure gold she doth own
And I love her because she's a darling
I wish actions could make it known.

When troubles and powers assail me
My mind seems to lead me to her
My thoughts wander far but mainly
They fix on her person so dear.

I find there a sweet consolation
Her smile seems to drive out all fear
And the sweetness of our relation
Replaces with joy the wet tear.

I fancy I hear her whisper
“I love you darling, ooh tons”
Then my mind is convinced forever
That she is the only one.

So this sweetheart I’ll always be true to
As long as God lends me my breath
We'll fight hard ‘til we can win through
‘Then but one thing can part us, that's death.

Darling

Darling - shall I show you the treasure
I found in my heart today?
Darling - shall I tell you the measure
Of gold on a moth's wing at play?

Darling - shall I whisper the secrets
That flash through my mind as I dream?
They are laden with thoughts most fragrant,
And music most sweet and serene.

Darling - they were brought by your memory
Over boundless space and time
They were drawn from the rainbow's colours,
Interfacing our love sublime.

They were taken from the flowers,
That dance in the wind on our hill
They were caught in the April showers
And in evening's shadows still.

Darling - I wish I could show you the treasure
I found in my heart today,
Darling - I wish I could tell you the measure –
I Pray God that some day I may.

Mother

Dearest of God’s creations
Sweetest of all his works
Soul of all inspiration
Mother, how sweet a word.

A face like an angel from heaven
A smile as sweet as the blue
God with his infinite caring
Sent this sweet being to you.

Love her while you can possess her
For God takes the best home quite soon
And with a cross word chide her never
For her heart soon is hidden in gloom.

Instead if a girl help her house clean
If a boy do your best and you’ll find
That the light in her eyes with a soft beam
Radiates love of a much purer kind.

You won't always hold her forever
For time is a merciless thing
So appreciate now this great treasure
Ere death takes her home on its wing.

Then the home will lose all its brilliance
The sun becomes dimmed in the sky
Your heart is heavy with sadness
And your eyes are blurred as you cry.

For Mother will never be missed more
Than after God calls her above
So now young and old all with fervour
Give thanks for a .Mother's great love.

September 1939

Our daughter

Katherine Mary, our sweet child
Loving, gentle, meek and mild
We your parents vow this day
To guard and guide you on life’s way.

Through all perils that may beset
Our promise is to you dear pet
To make your life a time of gold
Refined a pleasure to behold.

We realise this may prove hard
Yet ever will we be on our guard
To shield you, yes e'en with our lives
To this end we’ll humbly strive.

It may be years ere you read this
For now your innocence is bliss
But when you reach mature age
Refer yourself to this small page.

Twill show you what your parents vowed
When first to this great world you bowed
And may convey in some small form
The love that grows within us warm.

So precious sweetheart, gem so rare
We hand you to God’s loving care
And pray your future will be blessed
With health and every happiness.

26th August 1939

Treasures

A mother, my friend, is a treasure rare
A product of God's constant care,
Sweet and gentle, meek and mild
Sent to bear you as a child
Now white of hair and slow of gait
She has protected you from fate,
And now you are a full grown man
It is your job to complete her plan.

A child, my friend, is a treasure rare
And more so if they be a pair,
They fill the home with fun and life
Andf soon the air with glee 1s rife
For children are god's gift to man,
They help fulfil the Godhead’s plan,
That marriage be a common bond,
A law - that makes you grow more fond.

Silver wedding anniversary

Five and twenty years today
We exchanged our marriage vows
To love and cherish each always
They sound fresh even now.

Years have slowly passed
Leaving indelible marks
Loved ones departed long since
Are remembered- and memories are dark.

Yet young lives now brighten our day
With children and grandchildren’s fun
The world is once more quite gay
Despondency fast on the run!

Because God is still on his throne
Seeing all is well with life
Remembering this, I kneel alone
Giving thanks for a wonderful wife!

21st January 1962

Our first grandchild

A beam from the sun's brightest ray
The form of a perfect rose
A glistening drop of fine rain
This is – Sian Caroline Gaines.

A rainbow’s glorious hue
The moonlight orb of gold
Sunlit dappled leaves
This is - Sian Caroline Gaines.

A bluebell carpeted wood
Summer's softest mood
Rivulets gurgling refrains
This is - Sian Caroline Gaines.

The earliest colours of Spring
Song Birds on the wing
All these add up in the main
To - Sian Caroline Gaines.

13th May 1966

Ruby wedding anniversary

The winter winds have bared the trees
The birch bows proudly in the breeze
This month to some holds nought but fear
To us it unfolds memories dear.
Full forty years ago today
We started off life in a married way
No one could have chosen a better wife
To have as a partner throughout life.
This with a daughter, son and grandchildren five
Help to keep us young and alive
So we give thanks for reaching this fortieth year
So full of the memories hold so dear
And pray the future will unfold
More pleasant memories and joys untold.

21st January 1977

50 years on

Time rolls relentlessly onwards
Our fiftieth anniversary is past
No diversions now lay for'ard
Our colours are nailed to the mast!

The past held its mysteries and wonders
A testing time for our love
Yet, we held hands and often pondered
Trusting in the one above.

Our faith has always sustained us
A we travelled this Long, long road
And worries we countered without any fuss
Lightening our very load.

When this day has ended and there's time to
meditate
We'll remember the vows we both exchanged
on this our anniversary date
Because I'd like to mean as much to you
each minute of the day
As you have meant - dear wife of mine -
to me along the way.

Ode to a dear friend’s passing

Death, with his icy touch
Has paid a visit once more
This time ‘twas very near us
He even knocked on our door.

His coming was for a dear one,
One whom we cherished and loved
Yet we know that he is still near us,
And at last we will meet him above.

He was snatched from our grasp like a wheatsheaf
And the blow was heavy to hear,
But god, in his infinite mercy,
Helped us, our sorrow to share.

That home has lost its beauty,
And the hearth lacks one sincere,
But God- who attends to his duty -
Has placed his strong arms quite near.

Yet no more shall we see his face,
No more shall we hear his jest,
He has truly run a great race,
And is now in his well-earned rest.

So a tribute I pay him this moment,
He was trusted, true and tried,
And I raise my hat to his memory,
Which forever shall be undefiled.

The conquest of Everest

Nature's highest summit
The Himalayan peaks
No longer holds its secret
As man from Everest speaks!

A team of rugged climbers
Set out to scale these heights
And after weeks of rigour
Conquered nature's might.

The early days of training
Are all forgotten now
As Hilary, Hunt and their Sherpas
Reach this icy brow.

No normal climbing hazards
Were being experienced there
Superhuman efforts
Were needed in that air.

Relentless constant battles
With nature's icy blast
Whilst wind and snow and avalanche
Hurtle through the pass.

The urge to reach the summit
Increased though men were weak
And.Nature masses her forces
To defend her unconquered peak.

Between he climbers and the top
Now lies two thousand feet,
But hidden forces overcome
And man, once more retreats.

Day after day, in Arctic weather
Their efforts proved in vain,
But Nature at last relented
And the veil was rent in twain.

There, from that mighty summit
Of thirty thousand feet,
Mere man looked down instead of up,
And Everest was at his feet.

1953

England

England - this land of ours,
Ranged against such mighty powers.
Struggling with tremendous odds,
Yet secure - our fate is God's.

Fighting for a righteous cause,
Never wishing the shortest pause,
The flower of manhood in its bloom
Hurtling now to meet its doom.

Yet we are sure our cause is just.
To meet success we surely must
For Right is Might all through the ages,
And will reveal in history's pages.

That wars are not just fought for glory,
But freedom is the final story.
So ere to England victory comes,
There's defeat disaster and death for some.

For steel is tested in the fire,
And cleansing comes after the mire.
Free thoughts are always worth a fight
And there are still enemies of right.

Yet those whose minds are strong and clear
From brutal force need never fear,
For ages past have proved the case
That right will take its proper place.

And England in some future day
Across the world will still hold sway,
Not sword nor gun shall be its guard
Nor with horrors shall her name be marred.

This name shall stand for all that’s free.

Winter night

In the black of night with the heaven's ajar
The snow clouds scurry as they wander afar
Watched hy the moon who frames them in light
Making the sky a wondrous sight
Wither they goest no one knows
Halting now to unload their snows
Fleeting through the long dark night
Now black, then suddenly bathed in light
They play hide and seek with the brilliant moon
Then altogether they vanish too soon
Grotesque forms and shapes they take
Now a mountain, then a glorious lake
Dark and ominous at first glance
Then gay, sprightly fairies all a dance
Now they mass, and the darkness is bare
In an instant they part and a moon ray shows there
Then they're off on a race, they flash through the night
They frolic around then vanish from sight.
Now a large fluffy snow cloud is pinned by a star
Shakes itself free, then wanders afar
What are their games? The moon and stars won't tell
The firmament keeps its secrets well.

Summer

Today our Summer has returned
And thanks we gladly give
‘To see Old Sol in splendour burn
Thus helping us to five.

Majestic in his pomp he rides
Through heaven's great arches blue
Painting the earth on either side
In many different hues.

The sickened patient on his bed
Smiles feebly at his rays
It brings assurance of his God
Though numbered are his days.

The labourer with his sweated brow
Smiles grimly at his tasks
He awaits the welcomed hooter’s blast
Then in its last rays basks.

The farmer gazing o'er his crops
With pride that knows no bounds
Says loud with every pear that drops
"Old Sol has blessed my grounds."

So let our praise though short he sweet
In greeting nature's sun
For once again he comes with heat
Treating all as one!

Solitude

After the busy work day
What more can a mortal ask
Than to drift from the world‘s wild roundelay
Then in the bliss of solitude bask.

Relaxed in a chair by a blazing fire
Not a sound not a soul in view
As the shafts of light from the fireside bright
Sparkle with many a hue.

No thought of things material
Can enter that sanctum of rest
And the mind in its fanciful travels
Dwells on all that is Godly and blest.

The curtain thus drawn on mortal things
Is a blessing to all who indulge
And an hour of blissful solitude
Can a future of beauty divulge.